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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Soviet Strategy in the Middle East

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.
L. BRENT BOZELL · SAM M. JONES · ANTHONY LEJEUNE
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For the Record

The House Ways and Means Committee reports heavy mail in favor of a bill for gradual and automatic reduction of individual and corporate taxes over a five year period. . . . Senator John Kennedy has told a teachers' convention in Baltimore that it is the federal government's "unavoidable responsibility" to enact a school aid program without delay. . . . Federal troops in Little Rock cost the government an estimated $95,000 a day.

The UN Emergency Force in Egypt is now $12.8 million in arrears. Its cost by the end of the year, after fourteen months operation, will be an estimated $35 million. . . . The General Assembly has agreed to lower the U.S. contribution to the UN from 33 to 30 per cent, but this does not include U.S. support of the special agencies, such as the 49 per cent to the Technical Assistance program this year. . . . Senator Knowland reminds us that the USSR has used its Security Council veto 81 times to four times for France, two for Great Britain, one for Nationalist China, none for the U.S.

India started some time ago to build four-million-ton-a-year steel plants. Three were to be built for the nationalized steel industry and financed by foreign governments. A fourth was to be built by Kaiser engineers for a private company. This will be completed next year; no completion date is in view for the other three. . . . Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, has called for a reversal of the traditional hostility of both governments and peoples toward the profit motive. "Private enterprise," he says, must be accepted as "an affirmative good, not a necessary evil."

The Swiss paper company Papyrus has been bitterly attacked by the local press for its announcement that it will not renew its contract to supply newsprint to Switzerland's two Communist papers. . . . Certain elements of the Western press have suggested that only Premier Janos Kadar stands between Hungary's freedom fighters and a Stalinist group urging more brutal repressive measures. A recent Kadar statement in China hardly bore this out: "There should be no compromise in dealing with counter-revolutionaries; instead there should be fighting as one would fight a tiger." . . . A large Eastern college newspaper reports that a fund-raising drive is under way in Moscow for "Radio Free Arkansas."

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The WEEK

● The Pentagon is far from happy about Little Rock. The South supplies much more than its percentage share of the nation's professional soldiers, sailors and airmen. A large number of Army and Air Force bases are located in the South. There is much Pentagon concern over the demoralizing effect of the induced integration crisis; and particular resentment about the use of a combat instead of an MP or headquarters unit for the Central High School policing mission. There are even some maverick generals who believe that a Soviet-backed Syria is a graver threat than Central High School to our national security.

● Last week's most un-newsworthy event: On the first decision day of its new season, the Supreme Court freed two more Communists from jail.

● The recognition of the East German Government by Yugoslavia is the latest—and blackest—of the State Department's Tito-crows coming home to roost. Timed precisely to strengthen the hand of the East German government at a moment of great need, to place difficulties in the way of Chancellor Adenauer's newly-announced policy of rapprochement with Eastern Europe, and to emphasize Tito's defiance of Washington on a point Washington deems important, it is the final and unanswerable proof of Tito's complete identification with the Soviet Union and its world objectives. And the best the State Department can come up with, by way of reply, is a puling announcement that it may have to reconsider Yugoslavia's claims to further foreign aid.

● A National Labor Relations Board examiner, George A. Downing, has ruled that the Kohler Company of Kohler, Wisconsin, has been guilty of unfair labor practices in discharging strikers during the course of the three-year battle which the United Automobile Workers have waged to make the company truckle or go out of business. According to a second count in Mr. Downing's indictment, Kohler also violated the Taft-Hartley Act by granting two wage increases during the strike without bargaining with Mr. Reuther's agents. Since Mr. Downing has palpably ignored the evidence which goes to prove that the strike was never desired by a majority in the first place, he looks like the UAW's man. But though he has bent over backward to be partisan, not even Mr. Downing could stomach some of the things which have happened to shatter the peace of the Kohler community. Kohler may extract some balm from the examiner's subsidiary finding that the company was within its rights in dropping thirty strikers for serious misconduct and in discharging thirteen members of the union's strike committee for directing mass picketing of the Kohler plant.

● As a further comment on Mr. Downing's ruling, we note that while production at many plants has leveled off or somewhat declined, and layoffs become more frequent, the Kohler Company has just stepped up the average work week in two of its principal divisions from forty to forty-five hours, in order to handle current orders. Those unfortunate local members of the United Auto Workers who are still bulldozed into recognizing Walter Reuther's fantastic three-and-a-half-year "strike" against Kohler will not be able to benefit from the expanded payroll.

● Commenting on *Nehru, the Impartial Arbiter*, President Syngman Rhee of South Korea declared: "He never overlooks an opportunity to speak out against the Democratic Nations of the world and never fails to rally his government's support to the Communist forces of conquest." On *Nehru, the Man of Principle*: "I do not respect a person who, posing as a neutral in the life and death struggle between the free and Communist worlds, is ready to swing to whichever side wins." May we congratulate Mr. Rhee for his plain definition of the meaning of "neutralism."

● Most sensational stellar news event since the launching of Sputnik: the *New York Daily News* headline, "IKE HOLDS STAR CHAMBER MEET ON RUSSIAN MOON"!

● When Prime Minister Harold Macmillan addressed the Conservative Party conference last week he spoke like a conservative, an action so rare in Britain these days that it put new heart into despondent Tories. Macmillan told the delegates they must "go out and do battle for the capitalist system of individual enterprise." Socialist theories, he said, have been tried and found wanting. They don't work. The Prime Minister emphasized the Soviet menace in urging the party to stick by its NATO commitments, its nuclear weapons program and "our American partners." It was a fighting speech in which Macmillan served notice not only on Labor but on faint-hearts in his own party that he is unwilling to compromise principle for victory at the polls.

● The following Associated Press dispatch was *not* featured in the New York Liberal press: "*Boston.* Forty police officers battled a crowd of 1,000 punching, pushing whites and Negroes last night before stopping a racial fight with the arrest of twenty-three

persons. . . . Police Lt. Patrick Connolly . . . said the fight began when a white girl and a Negro girl began slapping each other." What, no paratroopers?

● Howard Fast has disclosed that when he defected, more or less, to the West, he lost $500,000 worth of ruble royalties, held on deposit in the Soviet Union. Not a bad device, that, for sustaining the loyalties of shaky Communist authors. The money is kept hostage for their good behavior, like the wife and children of a Soviet official on a foreign mission.

● The real estate value of U.S. farmlands has risen 8 per cent to a new record high of $112.4 billion during the past year. Inasmuch as real estate capitalization rises and falls with the income yields of property, this hardly jibes with the current view that the farmer is the stepchild of the American economy. Could it be that rural acreage is at a premium because farming under price supports is the nearest thing to betting on a sure thing?

● A British valuation court has ruled that the London Library no longer qualifies for the tax exemption accorded by law to institutions which serve the purpose of literature or fine arts, because *"some of its members enjoy the books it provides* rather as less cultivated persons enjoy going to football matches." For providing "high-grade amusement" in "dignified surroundings," the Library hereafter will be taxed £5,000 a year!

● As one after the other ex-Premier failed to form a new French Government, it occurred to us that French affairs seem to get along in a much more orderly and stable fashion without a government than with one. We just pass the thought along to President René Coty.

● On October 15 the British naval ensign was hauled down for the last time at Trincomalee in Ceylon, known to geographers as the finest natural harbor in the world, and to strategists as a key to the control of Southeast Asia, Indonesia, and the great sea highway of the Malacca Straits. The remnants of the once mighty British naval base and supporting air field were turned over to the neutralist government of Prime Minister Bandaranaike.

● New York City voters generally are often asked to choose their candidates in local elections from three or four instead of the usual two parties. A newcomer this year is the United Taxpayers Party with Vito P. Battista as its mayoralty candidate. The party's platform, which emphasizes fiscal reform, calls for the abolition of the city housing authority and the sale of its properties to private owners; a reduction in the 3 per cent sales tax; decision by referendum, rather than by executive decree, on such matters of universal concern as integration of private housing, a city lottery and fluoridation.

● Some Canadians, we note, complained because the Queen arrived in Ottawa in a dress she had worn before; the French last spring disapproved of her extensive wardrobe. Lord Altrincham doesn't like the way she speaks. To playwright John Osborne she represents "gold filling in a mouthful of decay." Malcolm Muggeridge—whose motto reportedly is, "Down with everything that is Up"—describes her as "dowdy, frumpish, banal." It is our view that the job which Elizabeth II now holds, through accident of birth and molding of tradition, is tedious, demanding and meaningful. We joined in welcoming her to the United States where she has faced a number of tedious and boring ceremonies with her accustomed grace and charm.

Twilight of the Eisenhower Era?

For nearly five years Dwight Eisenhower has administered the public affairs of this nation according to a principle that might be stated: never look an issue square in the face. The Eisenhower method of government, as displayed in both theory and practice, is to surround, bypass, smother or becloud a problem through compromise, "staff work," committees, "teams" and optimistic platitudes. As with a doctor whose therapy consists of pats on the back, medical phrases and aspirin, the hope is that in the natural course of events the problem will somehow disappear, if we keep our shirts on, don't rock the boat, and all pull together.

We do not suggest that by this mode of fulfilling his stewardship Mr. Eisenhower has "betrayed his mandate." This sort of Brotherhood Week procedure was plainly what our fat citizens wanted from Washington. We removed any doubt on that score last November.

Moreover, there is a lot to be said for a chief executive who wields a golf club instead of a scepter, or a knout. It is rather a relief to get a President who blurs his issues instead of blowing all of them up, *à la* Franklin Roosevelt, into crises. And in calm and happy times, most problems do somehow manage to solve themselves, just as most patients usually get well however irrelevant the doctoring.

Alas, our times are neither calm nor happy; it is from a raging epidemic, not a nervous headache, that the patient suffers. The problems that the President has piously requested to get behind him, so that he

will not be tempted to solve them, just do not oblige. At home and all around the world they continue to fester under the Eisenhower poultice—a poultice that surprisingly often is fastened down by soldiers.

Mr. Eisenhower was swept into office as the leader who could solve the issue of the Korean War. But it is not solved, though five years have passed. There are still a North and a South Korea; the two have never made peace, and still arm actively for fighting; American troops are still on Korean soil. Vietnam and China also are divided still and internally hostile, with American troops present in both South Vietnam and Nationalist-held China. Israel is not at peace with the Arab states. Revolt still swirls around the American bases in North Africa. The Suez Canal seizure and little war have not been settled. There is no agreement on the terms of seizure; the UN army remains stuck in Gaza.

These are lingering sores that do not heal, but in the past three months a new set of galloping ulcers has suddenly broken out. The domestic economy, whose eternal rise was presupposition to all the platitudes and complacency, has abruptly fallen. The realities behind the banal integration formulas have forced the "unthinkable" quartering of federal troops on their Southern fellow-citizens. Moscow, by reporting an ICBM and by launching Sputnik, has thrown doubt on our most elementary security. The Syria-Turkey-Egypt tension places on the present instead of a vague future agenda the question of control of the Middle East.

These four problems—recession, integration, missiles and Sputnik—are posed with a harshness, depth and immediacy that the Eisenhower salve does not soften. As if sensing the early close of an era, a number of the President's heretofore most abject supporters—among them Senator Clifford Case and the *New York Herald Tribune*—have begun to speak out against the President's policies. Washington officials, both civilian and military, no longer trouble to hide their names in the criticisms of the White House that they leak in floods to their favorite reporters.

There are indeed many issues that can be negotiated, compromised or avoided, but the world is so constructed that there are also a few that must be *decided*. It begins to look as if the questions of missile superiority, forced school integration in the South, and control of the Middle East are up for definite and fairly quick deciding. But decisions are what the Eisenhower method is not capable of giving. As the nation more fully realizes the multiple seriousness of the situation it now faces at home as in the world, the clamor for a change in that method may swell beyond the power even of the Eisenhower smile to still.

A Test of Will

In a bold development of the basic Middle Eastern strategy analyzed by Whittaker Chambers' article in this issue, Khrushchev's Syrian and Egyptian dupes have joined their armed forces in provocative displays at Syria's Turkish and Israeli borders. It is a phase, from one standpoint, in the gradual transformation of Syria into an armed Soviet base behind the line of the Baghdad Pact. At the same time Khrushchev, by mounting a multi-dimensional political warfare operation against Turkey, is probing his chance of breaking that line directly. Under the cover and distraction of Sputnik, he tests the Turkish will to resist, and thereby tests also our will, since prolonged Turkish resistance to his pressure is unthinkable unless Ankara is certain of our absolute support.

Khrushchev does not want general war, but he is likely this time to give Mr. Dulles a graduate lesson in brinksmanship. Khrushchev wants to find out how far and how fast he can go in the Middle East without evoking a massive reaction from us, and he may move very close to the edge in order to get this intelligence. So close, indeed, that his fanatic puppets may fall in, and shooting may start. Before our entire national energy is locked into an internecine and sterile dispute over satellites and missiles, it will be well to realize that what is happening on the sands of Syria bears more fatefully on our future than all the hardware blasting through the outer air.

Ghana to Breakfast

A Negro is refused service at a Maryland restaurant, and because he turns out to be a high Ghanese official the President rushes forth to invite him to breakfast at the White House—the purpose (quite vain, of course) being to make the Ghanese think better of us than they otherwise would. The press in a number of countries takes sides with the Negroes on the Little Rock controversy, and Mr. Arthur Larson, Director of the United States Information Agency, initiates a "global survey" of the resulting "damage to the United States"—in order to assure the outside world that we are modestly responsive to its opinion. And the *New York Times*, praising both of them, pleads for more attention by more government officials to the "psychological effect" their actions produce abroad.

NATIONAL REVIEW repudiates the concept of political warfare that is presupposed in this sort of thing. The United States is *not* running for office out over the world, and has, therefore, no reason to make itself appear better than it is; if it *were* running for office, it could only do hurt to its prospects for getting elected by standing on an As-You-Desire-Me platform. What the world needs today, and will end up getting either from us or the Soviet Union, is someone to tell *it* what to do. It needs, and will end up getting, an answer to the question—as Ortega y Gasset phrased it—"Who's Running Things?" And its ultimate support will go to the candidate who looks it in the eye and says: "I am as I am; and aren't you lucky I'm not otherwise?" Running for world leadership is different from running for a state legislature, just as—dare we say it—war is different from football.

Or as Aesop put it in his fable of the miller's donkey, "Try to please all and you end up pleasing none."

A Backfire from Sputnik?

Was it such a "propaganda victory" after all, that satellite? Current reports on European reactions suggest that Sputnik's major effect was not so much to weaken our allies' confidence in us as to rally them to our cause.

The French press, in September even more outspokenly anti-U.S. than usual, suddenly begins to treat criticism of the United States—we quote an Associated Press dispatch—as " a dangerous luxury." The German press hastens to express confidence in our ability to meet, with overwhelming success, any Soviet challenge. The British press promptly urges a pooling of Western brains and technique. And British Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd, far from concluding that the West is a sinking ship, seizes upon the opportunity to emphasize, more flatly perhaps than ever before, the depth and permanence of the ties between the United States and Great Britain: "Neutrality," he said, "is unthinkable."

When they take that form, we *like* Soviet propaganda victories and could do—as Lincoln could have done with some of General Grant's whisky for his other generals—with some more of them.

> "Race feeling is not confined to the South. If the United Nations had power and such poor judgment, as to order the children of the Arab nations, and the children of the schools in Israel to attend mixed schools, there would be acts of violence in those areas. Some of the Arab nations do not allow a Jew to enter their countries. There are no Jews marrying Arabs in Israel."
>
> —from a recent speech by ex-Governor James F. Byrnes of South Carolina

Soiled Prize for Pearson

In 1955 and 1956 the Norwegian Storting, which awards the Nobel Peace Prize, could find no one worthy of that honor. This year, however, it has bestowed the accolade on Canada's former Secretary of State for External Affairs, Mr. Lester Pearson.

Mr. Pearson was the originator of the United Nations Emergency Force which still sits, drawing pay, on the Egyptian-Israel border. His record as an internationalist is long. He served as President of the UN General Assembly, was one of the so-called "Three Wise Men" of NATO and an important figure in the Korean Armistice negotiations. The peace prize award has been widely applauded both in this country and abroad.

The capsule biographies appearing in our papers mention all the above facts, and a good many more, but they carefully omit other less savory items, such as Mr. Pearson's blundering attack on the United States government and the Senate Internal Security Committee. The *New York Times*, whose reaction was typical, regretted only that "we cannot claim Pearson as an American diplomat, although we would like to do so."

For our part, we are only too happy that Mr. Pearson is *not* an American diplomat; we are equally delighted that he is no longer a Canadian diplomat. We remember that this cool, moon-faced opportunist was, while in office, so notorious a neutralist that even *Time* magazine once nicknamed him "Nehru in a homburg." Over the years we recall reports here

and there in the American and Canadian press—always swiftly and efficiently smothered—suggesting that his tolerance toward Communism may not always have stopped at neutralism. Certainly he was for many years the patron and protector of Herbert Norman, Canada's Ambassador to Egypt, who was identified under oath as a member of a Communist cell in Columbia in the 1930's, and who committed suicide in Cairo last April rather than face a belated official investigation of his record.

We don't welcome a brand of internationalism that advocates retreat in the name of conciliation. In awarding Pearson the Nobel Prize, the Storting has not honored the man so much as it has dishonored the award.

As Edward Teller Sees It

1. "We must overcome the popular notion that nuclear weapons are more immoral than conventional weapons. . . . This idea of 'immoral' has been spread by the pessimists, who could be frightening us out of our liberties."

2. "Any arbitrary limitation of our nuclear development . . . would give the Russians an immense advantage."

3. "We must . . . realize that there can be two kinds of nuclear war—total and limited."

4. "We must revamp our military planning to fight and win a limited nuclear war . . . [bearing in mind that] in the future a nuclear submarine will be able to move faster than any other kind of ship."

5. "Of this I am certain: If we prepare ourselves so that a terrible attack—though it might hurt us—could not destroy us, then such an attack will never come."

(Five theses from a recent article in *This Week* by "the father of the H-bomb," who has lost neither his wisdom nor patriotism, nor his nerve.)

A Voice Re-Echoes

Many eulogists of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy believed that he was a prophet whose sometimes unique understanding of the world about him would be appreciated only when public opinion, under the pressure of critical events, caught up with him. They were referring to his war against the internal Communist conspiracy. But they might have pointed with equal cogency to his ideas on how to fight the Soviet Union.

McCarthy stood *alone* in the summer of 1955 against the appeasement-motivated Geneva summit meeting. In July of 1956 he *alone* warned that acquiescence in Nasser's seizure of Suez would lead to Soviet domination of the Middle East, and urged military intervention by the West. He *alone* urged support of the Anglo-French attack the following November. He—*alone*—proposed that force be used to counter Soviet intervention in the Hungary revolt.

All of this, and one thing more, comes to mind as we listen to hysterical demands by Democratic Senators for a congressional investigation of the U.S. missile program. NATIONAL REVIEW recalls that in October 1955 McCarthy prepared a detailed analysis of the U.S.-Soviet missile race and concluded that the U.S. was lagging behind. Six months later he addressed the Senate:

> Despite all the warnings about Communist guided missile progress, we have still received no assurance from our own government that the United States is going all out in an effort to catch up with the Soviet Union. On the contrary, we know that the chief proponent of a "crash" guided missile program, Mr. Trevor Gardner, lost his job two months ago because he advocated that we go all out . . . [Perhaps] the Executive has recently put the guided missile program on a "crash" basis and has not told us about it . . . [but] we cannot afford to stake our country's life on a mere hope that the Executive branch is doing what must be done to save it. *Congress must know the facts . . .*
>
> Therefore . . . I suggest that we set up a Joint Congressional Committee with full subpoena powers to investigate the guided missile program, and to keep a vigilant eye on its progress. . . . If we are falling behind the Soviet Union in the development of a weapon that may permit Communism to conquer us, then we must find out who is responsible and what has motivated those who are responsible. If executive officials refuse to cooperate with the committee, then the Congress should, by Joint Resolution, direct the Executive to give Congress the information it needs to "provide for the common defense." . . . This investigation must be intensive and exhaustive—and conducted with all possible haste. . . .

That, Senators Symington, Jackson and Mansfield, was in April 1956.

Because of mailing delays, the subscription-and-free-book offer (*the National Review Reader* and *McCarthy and His Enemies*) recently made to our subscribers was in many cases received just before, or even after, the increase in our subscription rates. Therefore, NATIONAL REVIEW is extending this offer until November 10, 1957. All subscriptions and renewals entered on the special book order form—and postmarked *before* November 11—will be accepted at the old rate of $7.00 per year, and $6.00 for each additional subscription.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Why the Moon Is Red

Having had a week to think about it, the Establishment has made up its mind about who's to blame. The propaganda machine spat and sputtered for the first few days of Sputnik's flight, not knowing quite where to direct its fire and threatening even, while groping for lost bearings, to ask some interesting questions about its own premises. But in due course, and with exquisite synchronization, the big guns zeroed in on the two targets that any fool knew from the beginning were going to get it—the penny-pinchers and the McCarthyite super-security goons. We have not spent enough money on our national defense, the editorial writers and the columnists and the kept legislators are now solemnly advising; and we have not provided our scientists with an "atmosphere" hospitable to their work. *That* is why the moon is Red.

In most situations, of course, these insights are highly useful. McCarthyism explained, for example, the college panty raids of 1952 ("intimidated students," as one religious leader put it, where looking for "an expression for their bottled-up energies"); and it is now perfectly clear that Ghana's failure to blossom into a model Jeffersonian Republic is attributable to the niggardliness of American Congressmen. Still, these explanations need not apply to every situation and I know more than one toiler in the Washington apparatus who would give the "a" key on his typewriter for a concrete datum or two showing their relevance to moons and missiles.

Where is the moon-missile scientist who has been hounded out of his laboratory because he was denied security clearance? J. Robert Oppenheimer comes to mind—he might have gone into the missile field. But if he had had his way, we wouldn't yet have an H-bomb. Or are we referring to Klaus Fuchs over in England, or Alan Nunn May? Or to Bruno Pontecorvo in France? Or shall we talk sense about this? Surely what we have needed through the years is more security, not less. David Greenglass has testified that in 1947 Soviet spy Julius Rosenberg obtained secret information about a U.S. "sky-platform project." The "sky-platform," as Rosenberg had described it, was "some large vessel which would be suspended at a point of no gravity between the moon and the earth and as a satellite it would spin around the earth." While we are on the subject, let us remember that a guided missile is chock full of electronics equipment and that two years ago the Senate Internal Security Committee took sworn testimony from a Soviet defector to the effect that he personally had seen in Moscow whole files of secret electronics research data marked, "Fort Monmouth." It was when McCarthy hit Fort Monmouth, we might also remember, that the roof fell in.

Evidence Lacking

Stolen secrets do not by themselves account for the U.S. failure. Far from it. But there have been enough of them to warrant the authorities asking about an applicant scientist not only, How learned is he?—but Whose team is he likely to be playing on? Again: what is the name of the scientist about whom this question has been answered unreasonably?

The not-enough-money thesis would also do better with a little supporting evidence. All the complaints that have been voiced or whispered so far allege insufficient concentration, administrative bottlenecks, selection of the wrong weapon, and such like—no disgruntled general or scientist has asserted his project was held up for lack of cash in the drawer. We have been spending in the neighborhood of $5,200,000,000 a year on military research, after all; and a large hunk of that has gone into the missile program. As the President has said, "That isn't any weak, pusillanimous effort; that is a lot of money."

It may be, of course, that a "crash" program, purposively concentrated on the weapon that will dump the maximum amount of explosives on the Soviet Union in the shortest possible time, will require additional funds; but the problem is one of reallocation, not congressional appropriations or new executive authorizations.

The President's Explanation

The real reasons for the U.S. failure go much deeper. A good place to start is the President's news conference of last week which was dedicated to "emphasizing the non-military character of the [U.S. satellite] effort." The President explained that the U.S. has not been in "a race"; our satellite program was "never accorded [top] priority"; "we were doing it for science."

In one sense, the President was dissembling. Of course the U.S. satellite effort had military implications. And of course U.S. authorities were aware of that. On what other grounds, one might ask, could the President justify the program—*i.e.*, which provision of the Constitution authorizes the expenditure of $110,000,000 for pure science? It was not an easy pretense for Mr. Eisenhower to maintain: in the same sentence in which he denied the satellite was "a defense or security instrument," he noted that the Navy had been "called upon" for "mechanisms for putting it in the air"; and in the same sentence in which he said his "apprehensions" for U.S. security had not increased "one iota," he noted that Sputnik "does definitely prove [the Soviets have] a very powerful thrust in their rocketry, and that is important."

In a more significant sense, however, the President was coming absolutely clean. He was conceding that his Administration had not treated a military-political program *as* a military-political program. He had been advised many times, Mr. Eisenhower admitted, that "there is going to be a great psychological advantage in world politics to putting the thing up." However, "that didn't seem to be a reason, in view of the real scientific character of our development, there didn't seem to be a reason for just trying to grow hysterical about it."

(To be continued)

Letter from Spain

Yes, and Many Thanks— But Now the War Is Over

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

At worst, the Great Vacillation could undo the good that was accomplished by the defeat of the Republicans (let us call them what they liked to call themselves) in 1939. The agonizing indecisiveness of Francisco Franco is sapping the justification from his leadership: until one day his countrymen, even those of kindred philosophical commitment, may abominate him as an impostor, whose franchise long since expired, and whose continued power derives from the fact, simply, that he has the power to exercise power; nothing more.

General Franco is an authentic national hero. It is generally conceded that he above others had the combination of talents, the perseverance, and the sense of the righteousness of his cause, that were required to wrest Spain from the hands of the visionaries, ideologues, Marxists, and nihilists that were imposing upon her, in the thirties, a regime so grotesque as to do violence to the Spanish soul, to deny, even, Spain's historical identity. He saved the day—but he did not, like Cincinnatus, thereupon return to his plow.

But the decision to stay on was itself a patriotic one. Spain was in danger of bleeding to death after the fray. And then a world war broke out. The pressure on all sides was great. The need was imperative for delicacy and dissimulation and contradiction and ambiguity and delay: for a national policy at the immediate disposal of a single person who might, constantly preserving just the desired balance, make this concession to Churchill this morning, that one to Hitler this afternoon, and tomorrow take a position uncongenial to both.

Hitler—the record shows—cussed Franco out continually: but the ultimate provocation, which would have brought a Panzer division to Madrid, was never forthcoming. Roosevelt and Churchill fumed at Franco's neutrality: but the cost to Spain of Allied wrath was not catastrophic. There was the petulant diplomatic ostracism of the postwar years, and miscellaneous economic discriminations. But Franco had got his neutrality, had preserved the independence of Spain, and that was what he wanted for a nation still racked by the consequences of her own tribulation.

So the war ended. What crisis warranted continued total power? Economic rehabilitation—Franco proclaimed—in a hostile world in which Communism thrives. To be sure, Spain was, and is, in sorry economic shape, and Communism was, and still is, thriving. But these were not problems that demanded immediate surgery by the intern in attendance at two o'clock in the morning: the patient was not in danger of momentary collapse. Still, the rhetoric was hammered in by engines of inculcation grown accustomed to the job of justifying one man's rule.

But this time Franco began to lose support from men—loyal followers during the Civil and World wars—who felt that Franco had begun to contrive reasons why he, and only he, should govern. What, they began to ask, was the meaning of the Civil War, which we fought at so great a cost, if not that there is an approach to government in Spain that is legitimate, and another that is illegitimate; and however preferable Franco is to Indalecio Prieto, or to anarchy, he is not—at least not all by himself—a legitimate governor of Spain.

There is the sense in which the exercise of de facto power tends, as the years go by, to legitimize the regime that wields it. But there are situations in which the longer power is exercised, the less legitimately is it exercised. In the one sense Franco, having been around quite a while, has become if not legitimate, at least integrated. In the second sense, Franco's title diminishes every day. And it is for Franco the source of deep concern (for his pride is also involved) that he is not, and cannot become, the legitimate ruler of Spain on the only terms in which he knows how to rule. However sincere the respect his champions have for Franco, however reverential their tone, or affectionate their esteem, they know, and he knows, and history knows, that Franco did not, in virtue of his heroism in the thirties, earn the right to govern, absolutely, in the fifties. Moreover, until a stable, authentically Spanish, self-generative and perpetuating government is established—is the Civil War quite over?

A person in a position to know informs me that the principal difficulty the King, Don Juan, and Franco have had in arriving at a basis whence fruitful discussion might proceed has had to do, precisely, with the question of the legitimacy of Franco's long tenure. Franco insists that he is engaged in the business of looking for a successor to *his* regime. Don Juan is said to insist that Franco's stewardship has merely been caretaking in character, that the King's sovereignty traces back to the character of the Spanish nation, that precisely the meaning of Franco's military victory was the reaffirmation of that sovereignty. On such formal questions the fate of nations is sometimes decided (remember the fleur-de-lis?) Don Juan does not expect, and his followers do not have in mind for him, anything like the power that once was wielded by Spanish monarchs. (On this point, Don Juan was explicit in a conversation I had with him in Portugal.) He is to be chief of state; but never chief of government. Yet restoration, it is widely felt, would mean something more than merely an esthetic or nominal reorganization of Spanish government. It would mean the reestablishment of the symbols of legitimacy in context of which Spain might once again address herself to the task of devising viable political forms. These would almost surely not be democratic; but as surely, they would aim at the maximization of personal liberty to a point consistent with the limitations imposed by the character of Spanish society. "The American Constitution is an admirable document," a prominent anti-

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The Liberal Line

The Fund Drives a Wedge Between Our Traditions and Our Way of Life

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Is the "American Tradition" a mandate for the realization of the program of contemporary American Liberalism? Of course not; but the Liberals are very busy-busy these days insisting—alike in serious scholarly works and in their mass propaganda—that our tradition is just that, that the "principles" of our forebears coincided precisely with those of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and that, in consequence, anyone who refuses to embrace those principles is *ipso facto* a bad, not to say subversive, American. And unless some other people get busy-busy exposing the Liberals' fibs and half-truths about our traditional way of life—our way of life as it has actually been lived, and not merely as it has been written about by star-gazing intellectuals—and about the ideas most Americans have actually acted upon down through the decades, it is soon going to be too late to do anything about it.

I have before me, for instance, a pamphlet entitled "The American Tradition in 1957," published by the American Traditions Project of—as you might guess—the Fund for the Republic. The Project, it seems, has been sponsoring a letter-writing contest, in which the entrants have been asked to "write about any incident, of which they personally were aware, in which there was an every-day working application of the American traditions of law and justice and decency for all men." And out of the "hundreds of letters" that came in the Project is making available in its pamphlet—for your edification and mine—a "sampling"; not a "selection," mind you, but a "sampling," since, we are assured, "those few examples speak truly for [all the letters]. They demonstrate [that] our cherished traditions . . . work as well today as they always have; and, if we are faithful to them, always will." There are, in other words, no two opinions out there in American society as to the kind of behavior our tradition enjoins upon us; and the one opinion is Liberal.

Let us make a sampling of the samplings, summarize the stories and note the "traditions" they point up:

—John Orr cast the one negative vote in the Florida legislature against certain statutes calculated to avoid compliance with the Supreme Court ruling on desegregation. Though he knew he was laying his head on the block politically, he also made a speech in which he said that "second class citizens [are] . . . repugnant to our democratic principles." But the voters in his constituency, "under the full force of the conscience that has made America great," re-elected him by an overwhelming majority. The moral? "The Founding Fathers gave us no more sacred right than the right to dissent"—which, let us notice, is to ignore the fact that what was at stake in the election was *not* Orr's right to dissent (which no one had challenged), but his right to dissent and be re-elected. Which right, begging the Project's leave, is unknown to our constitutional law. (And note the plug for desegregation.)

—An art exhibition entitled "Sports In Art" was about to be presented by the Dallas (Texas) Museum of Fine Arts. The Dallas Patriotic Society insisted that all the paintings by four of the painters participating be eliminated—on the grounds that each of them had a "Communist or Communist-front record." The Trustees of the Dallas Art Association found no evidence supporting this charge, and so went ahead and exhibited the paintings—avowing, as it did so, that "one of the basic principles of American Justice is that a person is presumed innocent until proven guilty." What would the Trustees have done had they discovered the four painters did have Communist or Communist-front records? The author presumably doesn't know, but this does not prevent him from drawing the (surely unwarranted) moral, which he quotes from that old traditionalist Dwight Eisenhower: ". . . freedom of the arts is a basic freedom . . . For our Republic to stay free, those among us [including, one supposes, Communists] with the rare gift of artistry must be able freely to use their talent." And it follows, one gathers, that when an American community boycotts a Communist artist or performer, it violates an American tradition.

—Fred Ross disagreed when people told him that the Mexicans in a certain slum district were "naturally dirty and lazy," and preferred to "live that way." His idea? Well, the Mexicans mostly didn't vote. So he got them registered, and "the pay-off" came fast: street-lights, new paving, better police-service, more devoted teachers. The moral: "American democracy. . . . works [*i.e.*, brings a 'pay-off'] only as well as its people make it work." So redistributive taxation is also part of the American tradition!

—A Filipino-American family was about to move into a house on Cherry Street in Winnetka. A physician, a resident in the same street, sought to rally the neighbors to "repel this 'invasion.'" Then a family who disagreed with him got all the neighbors together to meet the "invaders," and sentiment shifted against the doctor. "Cherry Street," the letter concludes, "is quiet now. Ask anybody what kind of people live there. Chances are the answer will be: 'Just neighbors.'" The clear implication? Anyone who thinks the citizens of a free society are entitled to *choose* their neighbors, and therefore favors restrictive covenants and similar practices, has American tradition against him—is, in a word, a bad American.

—Thomas Jefferson—this, however, from the Project editors, not one of the letter writers—once wrote: "Truth is great and will prevail if left to herself; she is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error and has nothing to fear from the conflict unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapons." What human interposition? The Project does not say, "The loyalty-security program and the Congressional inquirers about Communist penetration of government and the schools." But, as we traditionally say in Oklahoma, it seems to be thinking it mighty loud.

Soviet Strategy in the Middle East

The bold and imaginative Middle East strategy of Communism should not be underrated, says the author; it implies "the beginning of a direct assault on the United States"

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Westminster, Md.

Talk, here in the farmlands, is chiefly of the heaviest frost of this date in a decade, and what it may have done to stands of late corn. Yet it cannot be said that we are wholly out of touch with the capitals of the mysterious East—Cairo, Damascus, Baghdad, New York. Thus, a friend, a state legislator, dropped by, a month or so ago, to discuss a matter that was plainly burning a hole in one of the multiple pockets of his mind. Another legislator (from a Western state) had dreamed up a see-it-yourself plan. Paying their own way, a group of lawmakers from all over the country would, one day soon, step into a plane at Idlewild, and, hours later, put down in turn at Cairo, Tel Aviv, Damascus, Baghdad; then, veering north, and again east, at Belgrade and Moscow. Back to the West, if I remember rightly, by way of Warsaw. Everywhere, they hoped to see what eyes can see. In the capitals, they would talk with the makers and shakers. Should he go along? my friend asked.

Looking for the question behind the question, I took it to be: Was there any exceptional danger involved; did I think he could get in and out of the enemy compounds, Cairo, Damascus, Moscow, with a whole skin? Of course, I thought my friend should go along. I thought, too, in passing, that he was his own version of the American dream. Fifty years ago, he had been a farm boy in these same cornlands, hauling his father's crops to market in a horse-drawn wagon. Now, by hard work, and the exercise of a shrewd functional intelligence, he was a man of affairs, entitled to race the speed of sound through space to bespeak other men of affairs in lands far away, though not, unhappily, far enough away. "And what advice will you give Nikita (Khrushchev)?" I asked. The pre-autumn stillness blotted up his laugh.

Age of the Eye-Witness

If I urged my friend to go along, it is not because I set any great store by such excursions, but because others do. Henceforth, this trip would be among my friend's credentials. This is the age of the eye-witness and the first-personer: "I Watched the End of the World." The editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* once told me that it made a difference of thousands of readers if an article carried a title, beginning with the magic words: "I was" or "I did." I did not doubt it. But I doubted something else. That skepticism had set firm in wartime days, when, as a foreign editor, I read with hair-curling depression the reports of old China hands, observing on the spot, and singing in close harmony, that the Chinese Communists were "agrarian liberals." I knew that the Chinese Communists were not agrarian liberals, that, after Hitler's mop-up of the German Communist Party, they were the No. 2 section of the Communist International. But what right did I have to know it? I was not on the spot. How could I presume to pit my view against the close-up of the man on the scene? So I urged my friend: go.

Yet I remain of the opinion that the peering mind, peering even from a cow pasture, even in the jet age, still commands resources of a kind such as carried Dante once as far as Hell and Heaven. So I have sought to pace my friend in his flight, supposing, even, that though earthbound I had some advantages. For the mind has a way of getting into places to which the scheduled flights have been cancelled without advance notice.

I doubt, for example, that my friend made it into Damascus. Since he left, something fairly tremendous has happened in the Middle East, turning around Damascus as a hurricane turns on its eye. Last night, there appeared on the TV screen the face of the Arab King, Ibn Saud, the Ali Baba of the oil pools, and Washington's late, greatly salaamed guest. A most thought-provoking mask it was at this turn of events, tempting us to say of the man behind it—as Bismarck said of Napoleon III: "A sphinx without a secret." Yet the big Hollywood dark-glasses, vacuous under the Arab headgear, were belied by the royal smile, playing finely on the lips of the long lower face.

The Syrian Upset

King Saud's face was there because he had just left the conference at Damascus, where it had been decided that Syria's Leftist government, Communist inspired, moneyed, munitioned (though largely, it would seem, Socialist-manned) poses no threat to Syria's Arab neighbors. In short, all the Washington blandishments had failed, as yet, to detach this king-pin completely, or really to dent the Arab front. I waited for the commentator to say: Something pretty tremendous has happened. But the press does not editorialize all the news at once, and where it feels least sure of itself is most likely to "report objectively." Last night, we were editorializing the woes of James Hoffa and Little Rock—cleverly, too; that is, not openly, but by selective emphasis. About Syria and Ibn Saud we got the news unchewed.

For once, this seemed a pity. In the sum of things, Hoffa and even

Little Rock are comparatively pip-squeak. It is Syria that touches home. It is a great upset—not necessarily irreversible, or in the grand style, but sufficient unto Communism's strategy of the hour. It means that, at its second important test of containing Communism, the Eisenhower Doctrine has contained chiefly a mirage. It means that the Comrade has taken his longest stride across the Western encirclement, and squats outside it, smiling effacively, from a Mediterranean lodgement, with the condoning Arab lands spread out beyond, inviting mischief.

Picture the lewd delight,
Under the bridge tonight.

Any bridge, that is, across the Moskva River.

A Revolutionary Icebreaker

Whose is the fault? Not the Administration's, I think. Certainly not Mr. Dulles', though he is always the handy whipping-boy, never more so than for those who shout loudly that something has gone wrong while sighing with covert relief when such mischance also means that another crisis will abate. Possibly, with the Arab sanction, this particular Syrian crisis will abate, however bumpingly, because we are flummoxed, because Communism has gained its position, and, for the moment, does not need to push so hard; needs, in fact, a breathing-spell for consolidation and the next advance, which will mount the next crisis. How can it be otherwise, given the Middle East? Before the British-French-Israeli descent on Egypt, I wrote to the editor of this magazine—differing sharply, as I sometimes do, with its reading of events—somewhat like this: "The great hook, which Communism has contrived for us in the Middle East, is that no matter what we do will be wrong. If we back Britain against Egypt [Nasser had seized the Suez Canal], we rally Arab Asia and Africa against us. If we let Nasser get away with it, Communism gets away with it. Yet, on the whole, it seems to me that, of two bad alternatives, Dulles has chosen the slightly better one."

It is necessary to try to grasp 1) what Communist Middle East strategy implies over-all, and 2) how heavily the basic situation there is weighted against us. After the Egyptian dust-up, that strategy was interrupted for a time, not only, or perhaps even chiefly, by the stiffness of the American challenge to it, or the commotion in the Soviet satellites. Hesitation in the Middle East more probably reflected resistance in Moscow, on the part of a faction that we call (loosely) Stalinist. What ensued was a new crest of what we call (even more loosely) "the power struggle in the Kremlin." That power struggle must have taken the form, in part, of a ferocious debate over Middle East strategy. And matters must have been immensely confused when Dmitri Shepilov, until then a front runner of that strategy, supposing that he saw the hunt going against him, began to tiptoe to the Stalinist side. As we know, he supposed wrong. The Stalinists lost out, though how completely, or for how long, even Khrushchev may not know much better than we do. But, with that, the Communist Middle East strategy was back with us. We are told that, in the great Kremlin debate, it was described as an "icebreaker" strategy. Of course, the strategy is new only in its specific application in the changed circumstances of 1957—namely, to overleap the military-political encirclement with which the West has ringed Communist aggression as with an ice-barrier: to overleap that, and set fire to inflammable nations and continents beyond. In this sense, it is a revolutionary icebreaker.

Not all, or even a great many, of the Arabs who take Communist cash, can be Communists. But "O, take the cash and let the credit go" is an Eastern admonishment. It is also the impulse of the needy anywhere.

It is a strategy of great imaginative boldness. It is two-pronged. It strikes (*inter alia*) at 1) the Arab oil pools; it promotes 2) Communism's advance along the North African land-bridge. (How long that takes, using how many false faces, about-faces, how much sinuous indirection—those are tactical problems.) The North African thrust is itself at least two-pronged. One prong aims to soften up Europe in several ways, by pinching the arteries of its oil-fed industry (we saw the threat hang poised during the Egyptian crisis; and in this case it is not true, as Nietzsche said, that "Damocles never danced better than under a sword"). Eventually, the same prong hopes to face Europe with a second front, no farther off than the width of a Mediterranean, no longer "Our Sea," but a sea where we coexist with *them*.

Latin America

The second prong is headed much farther West, toward the Atlantic gap, where the bulge of Africa approaches the bulge of South America. (Communism loves contiguity and easy overland routes, with the narrowest possible water-jumps.) Most of us do not think much or often about Latin America, except, perhaps, as the cut-rate vacation-land of the colored airline ads. We may be absolutely sure that Moscow thinks a great deal about it, and quite differently. From time to time, we have seen spastic specimens of that thinking, attempting to become deed, in Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Colombia, Guatemala, and (acutely at the moment) in British Guiana. We may also be sure that what Moscow sees looks something like this: a continental human mass, where the solvent community is stretched, taut and thin as a polyethylene film, over impoverished millions who barely manage to subsist at a level of backward misery all but unimaginable to us, in the land of: "Just add hot water and serve." In the western hemisphere, Latin America reproduces, with its own variants, most of the social inflammabilities of Asia. Latin America is Asia in our own back yard. It is this lode of social cordite that Communism's trans-African prong has in view. No doubt we are tired of hearing that the road to Paris runs through Peking. The road to Washington runs through Rio de Janeiro and Mexico City. But first it runs through Damascus, Cairo and Algiers. It is the prospective path along which travels a little fuse, a mere sputter yet, toward the high explosives of the Western world. In this sense, Communist Middle East strategy implies the beginning of a direct assault on the United States.

But a strategic concept is still far from a strategic reality? And Rus-

sians are not ten feet tall? Forty years ago, most of Communism was a handful of seedy outlaws, piling their plates with cigarette stubs during endless wrangles in the Swiss equivalent of beaneries. But they were wrangling in terms of the world. They now control a third of it, and even (since I began writing this) overlook the rest from space, from that mechanical moon whose circlings must be seen as the latest outcome of those circling Swiss wrangles. I beg you, do not underrate the energy of the Communist will or the sweep of its strategic vision, simply because it seems improbable to you.

The Sin Against Reality

If for no other reason, the need to pinch that Communist fuse close to the quick, and at a stroke, justified the Eisenhower Doctrine, all its risks and inadequacies at once conceded. The same need justified the repudiation of our old friends, Britain and France, during their Egyptian descent. And that, quite apart from the high moral phrases—no doubt devoutly believed in by the phrasers—which helped to transfigure (and to blur) what was, when cut to the bone, a necessity of raw power; the necessity to block the Communist thrust before it got galloping. Moral turpitude—how bizarre the words sound by Communist contrast, by contrast with the overarching provocation (and its implications) that triggered the Anglo-French act. Against Egypt, moral turpitude was the least of the sins of Britain and France, whose chief sin was the one for which history gives no absolution—the sin against reality. Reality was defined here by a debility of will, enacted in a debility of performance, of those two quondam powers, bled white and exhausted in two world wars and their consequences, so that they could no longer strike, even in concert, with a force which would redeem its risks in the world's one universal coin: success, for they could not act at all without inciting that rally of Asia and Africa against the West, which, in the context of the Communist conflict, was a dated luxury that the West could no longer afford.

We might do worse than glance at the reminder that Mommsen set at the threshold of this age: "History

has a Nemesis for every sin: for the will to freedom that fails in force, as well as for the pride of mind that fails in understanding." So the Egyptian crisis disclosed, as its core meaning, chiefly this: that leadership of the West had at last to become one with where real power in the West alone lay—in the United States. This, regardless of what anybody might want or of the quality of leadership.

Historical Imperative

The same need justified our philanderings with Ibn Saud, unseemly to some, preposterous to others. Who else was there to philander with? Mr. Dulles could have had few illusions. It is scarcely three years since King Saud had his finance minister's right hand chopped off (it had made away with some $3 million of the royal oil receipts), and nailed up in a public square of the capital. If this seems an exotic trifle in an age when great European governments, claiming to be civilized, have organized the planned massacre of millions, it is a trifle which stands for much that must be intensely repugnant to Mr. Dulles, who would not willingly see even Mr. Harold Stassen's right hand nailed to a desk in Foggy Bottom. But history gives you certain pieces to work with, and gives no others. It gave Mr. Dulles Ibn Saud.

In the Middle East, we are in the presence of two energies, which, for convenience, we may separate, but which, in fact, interlock. The first of those energies is political revolution, express in Egypt and Syria, smouldering everywhere. It takes the diverse forms of Arab Nationalism. For historical reasons that we all know, it is prevailingly, often fiercely, anti-Western. Yet for a variety of reasons, Arab Nationalism is constrained to work with the West. For a variety of reasons, of which two—our need to pump out Arab oil, and our need to contain Communism—are foremost, the West is constrained to work with Arab Nationalism.

A Spectrum of Sheiks

In doing so, in replacing Britain as the paramount power in the Middle East, and seeking to contain Communism there in the gambles and gambols of power politics, we deal, perforce, with a spectrum of sheiks of varying shapes and sizes. The Kings, Ibn Saud and Hussein of Jordan, may be taken to stand close to one end of that spectrum. Toward the other end, stand the Christian Arab leaders (a rather different breed) of the Lebanon, the main American beachhead. Somewhere in between, stand the Iraquis. Everywhere, the coin we deal in is Arab Nationalism, supplemented (one hopes, at least) by our skill in dispensing much more tangible coin, as we should because we must. It is a game that requires the utmost in tact, steadiness of nerve, and experience, which, as newcomers, we must gain largely by doing. It is a game, too, in which we may expect only partial or impermanent successes (Jordan looks, at the moment, to be one of these).

We are now up, now down; nothing is final; all is in flux. And we are not the only player on the field. At this level, Communism can play the game, too, and adroitly. It has, besides, the advantage of a master piece, which it can use in ways denied to us. Wherever we seek to regroup Arab Nationalism in the interest of the West, Communism advances that disruptive master piece. We all know what it is, though no one likes to mention it. It is the State of Israel. At once, it becomes necessary to define our intentions clearly. A filthy anti-Semitism afflicts many minds in the West. Nothing is gained by denying it. So let us say flatly: in

Christendom, no mind can claim to be civilized and, at the same time, be anti-Semitic, any more than an American mind can claim to be civilized and be anti-Negro. For all Christians, regardless of creed, the Vatican has defined the position once for all: "Spiritually, we are Semites." Moreover, an immense compassion—mere good will is too genderless a term—before the spectacle of the Jewish tragedy in our century, must move our hourly understanding of what the State of Israel means in terms of a hope fired by such suffering.

Let us be quite sure that we know this. For it is also necessary to look at Israel in terms of Middle East reality. Communism may lose friendly Egypt or Syria; it will look for purchasable pawns elsewhere. It is Israel, as an enemy, that Communism cannot afford to lose. Israel is Communism's indispensable piece in the Middle East, so that a firm Israeli-Arab settlement would be the greatest disaster that could befall Communism in that region. The crux of the problem is not chiefly, as we so often hear, the question of resettling the Arabs displaced from Palestine. The crux is the Arab fear of Israeli expansion. Communism has only to tweak that nerve of Arab fear, and, at the touch, Arab Nationalism closes ranks, despite our utmost effort, despite the ferocious animosities sometimes dividing the Arab leaders themselves. Thus, at the power-political level, the Middle East situation is weighted against us by this all but unsolvable problem.

Yet Israel is chiefly useful to Communism at that level, and, perhaps, chiefly at this stage. Over the long haul, the Middle East is weighted against us by something much deeper-going. That something is an incipient social revolution whose makings are everywhere. It is the fermenting energies of that revolution that Communism counts on. If we think little about Latin America in such terms, most of us think scarcely at all about the Middle East.

Why Arabs Choose Communism

Imagine a vast region, most of it empty desert, where cities are few, where thousands live in caves, or, at a higher level, in hovels or slums, though these words of ours scarcely convey the Arab reality. Here, an illimitable poverty is the norm, a poverty made sodden by endemic disease, dark by endemic illiteracy and by an absence of hope that may best be called hereditary. Where, among millions, the daily struggle to eat at all is the term in which the possibility of hope first presents itself, hope turns easily to social revolution. Anything serves to turn it. Arab Nationalism turns it, and cannot anywhere mount its political revolution without at the same time stirring the energies of the social revolt, and blending with them, until political and social revolution tend to become one. At that fusion point is bred the Arab Communist, a comparatively new development. It is on such native shock troops that Communism counts; and, as usual with Communism, it is not numbers, but a certain kind of knowing fanaticism, resolute and resourceful, that matters.

How easy it is for Communism to work with those social revolutionary energies, which it needs only to set in motion in order to win half its battle. How much easier than for the West, which does not want them set in motion, which, in so far as it works with such energies at all, must work to moderate, restrain and channel them toward peaceable development, while helping these destitute populations to reach a level of minimum well-being, which may act as a brake on revolution. That takes time. It also takes capital. It is surprising, is it not? to see revolution turning on a question of capital. Yet so it is in the Middle East. This is, of course, one of the aspects of foreign aid; and those who set themselves most implacably against it, might brood upon this context. For what is needed here are the irrigation ditch, the factory, and the dam that supplies the ditch and powers the factory, and all the enterprise the factory feeds and stands for.

There are only two sources of such capital—the West and the Communist Empire. Presumably, the West has a good deal more capital to invest, or even to expend, than Communism has. But, again, how much easier it is for Communism. Western capital must, in the nature of things, expect a proper return on its loans, both in the form of interest and tangible advantages, chiefly political, which are a justified collateral. But to the Arab of all classes, therefore, the West appears, or can easily be made to appear, as the niggard banker, whose prudent doles serve to replace a political imperialism, of which the memory is green, by an

economic imperialism which the Arabs fear is the other side of the political coin.

How different Communism looks. If its imperialism is of an enslaving frightfulness unknown since Rome's, the Arabs have no direct experience of it. If Communism has less than the West to give, it needs to give less; and it can dole out its credits at rates of interest that radically undercut the West. For, with Communism, capital is the exclusive property of the State, which can assign it where it best promotes Communism's political purposes. Nor does Communism need to disperse its bounty to gain its ends. It can spot it for best effect. Easy credits to Egypt or to Syria, and these places become show-windows in the great Middle East bazaar, to which all eyes are drawn. Moreover, these are down-payment on a promise that need not be kept. If the situation develops favorably to Communism, it will not be kept. But if the West interferes with those who accept the Communist bounty, the West appears to be interfering with the promise. No doubt King Saud's action at Damascus was motivated, at least in part, by this realization, and his fear of the effect which our interference might have, in such terms, on Arab minds. For the Communist promise, though largely unfulfilled, is lure enough. And it is cheaper than foreign aid.

Not all, or even a great many, of the Arabs who take Communist cash, can be Communists. But "O, take the cash and let the credit go" is an Eastern admonishment. It is also the impulse of the needy anywhere. The literate Arab, who is not yet a Communist, can have few illusions about what he is doing. He knows that to play with Communism is a dangerous game. He has weighed the risks and discounted them. Meanwhile, he has the credits to buy the guns (yonder lies Israel!), and to finance at least some small beginnings of the irrigation ditch, the dam and the factory.

And the illiterate Arab, in his miserable millions, what does he think? How can anyone know? But there is evidence that a whisper has run through the caves and hovels, as far south as the Sultanate of Oman and Muscat, and the Saudi wastes, that help has come from that great Power in the steppes, where—praise be to Allah!—the workers have seized the factories and the peasants divided the land—or so the prophets have said. Let us remember that it was a Nobel Prize winner of the West, who, after the Communist-planned massacre by famine of some four million peasants, still hailed the Soviet Union as: "That great light in the East." Should we be surprised if a ragged fellah knows no more?

The Moscow Mirage

But have not these wretched Arabs heard, too, that in Soviet Siberia several million of their co-religionists exist in a misery not much different from their own? Possibly they have heard. Radio has put everybody in the next room from everybody else. The air is crisscrossed invisibly at all hours by warning and hectoring voices. Moreover, and particularly in illiterate lands, news of this kind travels with surprising speed, nobody quite knows how. So perhaps they have heard. But "Russia is wide and the Tsar is far away" was a peasant saying even in our boyhoods. It is extremely difficult to imagine a reality other than our own; and, if our own is desperate, the feat becomes almost impossible, and, in addition, pointless. We need not be too surprised, perhaps, if there is vaguely taking form at the back of the eyes that watch from the slums and the deserts, a vision that has little to do with reality, which distance itself has stripped of the monstrous reality —a vision of Moscow as a mythical Tsarigrad, the symbol of present power, credits, but, above all, of hope.

And where are Washington, New York and London? No screening distance has mercy on them. The wretched Arab sees their tokens all about him in shapes financed by oil profits (and others) of the West's necessary allies. He sees them in the dusty flash of a royal Cadillac, steaming past the mud huts, in the $90 million palace which King Saud has conjured up from the unirrigated sands.

This is the picture I see, peering from my cow-pasture. It is stroked in, of necessity, in gross shorthand, with gross omissions and simplifications. All I have meant to do is to suggest certain considerations which, it seems to me, are somewhat overlooked, but which would seem to bear heavily on the outcome of history in the Middle East. I am curious to learn what first-hand impressions my legislative friend brings back from his Eastern travels, to correct my own.

LETTER FROM SPAIN

(*Continued from p.* 369)

Franco, anti-democratic Spanish intellectual told me, "but if we want American democracy for Spain, the thing to do is not to import the Constitution, but to import Americans."

Meanwhile, Franco reigns, and reigns supreme. His is not, properly speaking, a regime. It is an autocracy. There is no reliable independent apparatus of appeal against any of his decisions. Excepting only the Catholic Church, he dominates everything: the Falange Party, the army, the parliament, the courts, the economy, education, the press. He is not an oppressive dictator. He is only as oppressive as it is necessary to be to maintain total power, and that, it happens, is not very oppressive, for the people, by and large, are content. To put it more exactly, to the extent they are *not* content, they do not tend to hold Franco responsible for that discontent. The intellectuals, in hindsight, recognize the inappropriateness of the Republic most of them once supported; but they are restive, anxious to get on with the job of crafting organic and responsive and durable political mechanisms.

The youth, on the other hand, are impatient to the point of exasperation. The infinite indecisiveness of Franco, the theoretical unintelligibility of his course down myriad paths, is making them fretful. The rhetoric of the regime, moreover, cloys, and the exorbitance with which the accomplishments of the regime are officially recorded, is breeding a corrosive cynicism. Could it be—the youth are beginning to wonder—that the official interpretation of the Civil War is as distorted as the official account of the economic triumphs of contemporary Spain? It would be an irony, of the very very tragic kind, if Francisco Franco should, having saved Spain from chaos, lead her back into it.

Virginia

A Preview of the Election: Integration the Real Issue

SAM M. JONES

When the voters go to the polls on November 5 to choose Virginia's next governor there will be only one issue —integration *vs.* segregation in the schools—and the electorate is aware that the election cannot solve the problem.

Traveling through the state, talking to Republicans, Democrats, Independents, professional observers and the man on the street, I found conclusive evidence that this one issue has completely obscured many others which would normally assume importance in the campaign. Some of these might have influenced considerable numbers of votes had there been no crisis in Arkansas. But today, in the Old Dominion and all the South, there is a new phrase in the American political idiom: *"Remember Little Rock!"*

There is anger and bitterness, fanaticism and race-hostility, but the predominant emotions are frustration and sorrow. There is a tension and apprehension unknown in our time. Except among the NAACP and a few Republican candidates who barge in where angels fear to tread, there is almost unanimous condemnation of President Eisenhower. It is still almost incredible to most Virginians that a President of the United States has actually ordered federal troops to intimidate and coerce unarmed American civilians at bayonet point. But incredible or not, it is a nightmarish fact which Virginians are facing with the awed realization that "it can happen here."

As the only Southern state with a gubernatorial contest this year in which a Republican candidate has a fighting chance, Virginia is waging a campaign of major national significance. The Republican candidate, Ted Dalton, received an amazing vote —45 per cent—when he ran for state senator in 1953. On the record he is certainly the GOP's best bet in Virginia. His opponent, State Attorney General J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., on the other hand, is just one of a number of prominent Democrats who might have been expected to make good gubernatorial candidates. But in this election the personalities and programs are subordinated to the point of eclipse by the one big issue.

Republicans on Integration

Dalton believes in segregation, but holds that a compromise similar to the North Carolina pupil-placement plan is preferable to "massive resistance." Almond recently conceded that some degree of integration may eventually be forced upon Virginia, but believes that a compromise would be tantamount to a surrender of states' rights.

Editorial and popular opinion both overwhelmingly favor resistance, and many regard the pupil-placement plan as merely an attempt at evasion which would ultimately prove futile.

While Dalton has presented himself as a realist accepting the inevitable, he has judiciously refrained from statements which might seem to imply approval of integration. The Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, Horace E. Henderson, however, has publicly endorsed Eisenhower's invasion of Little Rock. Republican Representative Poff of the Sixth District has issued a strong statement condemning the President's move. The only other Republican member of Congress, Representative Broyhill of the Tenth District, has been on vacation and has not been heard from. Dalton himself opposed a State Senate proposal for a plebiscite on the Gray Plan (the basis of present school laws). He was defeated and the plebiscite resulted in an overwhelming segregationist victory.

In all parts of the state, interest in the coming election has greatly increased since Little Rock. West of the Blue Ridge, for example, where the percentage of Negroes is small and where Dalton was expected to run well, a comparative apathy has been transformed into seething activity in behalf of the Democratic candidate.

In the last gubernatorial election (1953) the total vote was about 407,000: 225,000 for the Democratic candidate, 182,000 for the Republican. Before Little Rock, most analysts figured that the '57 returns would be about the same, but now many observers believe they will greatly exceed the total of four years ago. Informed opinion gave Almond the edge from the beginning of the campaign, but by no means discounted the chance that Dalton might ride to victory on the vote of some 90,000 qualified Negroes (those who have registered and paid the poll tax), and the Republican-Liberal vote in the counties bordering on Washington: Arlington and Fairfax. There has been a tremendous growth of population in both of these counties, especially Arlington, and the newcomers are changing the political complexion as well as the mores of Northern Virginia. This election will do much to indicate the extent of that change.

Democratic Victory Seen

The over-all outlook since Little Rock (and the phrase occurs in almost every conversation with Virginia voters) is for a Democratic victory by a wide margin. Republican spokesmen dissent, insisting that Dalton can still win.

Bearing in mind that the majority of citizens, including editors, newsmen, and professional analysts, are Democrats, one might suspect that wishful thinking had impaired their objectivity. But in a long experience I have found that most editors and writers lean over backwards in their efforts to make accurate rather than partisan forecasts. It is the consensus among such informed observers that Judge Almond will win at least 70 per cent of the total vote.

Whatever the outcome, the appalling issue will of course remain. The Supreme Court, by rekindling the dying fire of interracial enmity, and the President, by fanning it into a blaze, have created a problem which no foreseeable election, either state or national, can solve.

Letter from London

Britain Looks at Little Rock

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

From the *Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, September 11:

> The pictures of White schoolboys of Little Rock, Arkansas, faces distorted with hate, jeering at Negroes they have ejected from their school, are not pretty. But in their own way, the faces of bigoted theoreticians are often not pretty either.
>
> "Maybe Negro leaders and White integrationist leaders," says Governor Faubus of Arkansas, "are willing to sacrifice the lives of a certain number of people in this community in order to take one more step towards final and complete integration. Let that be their philosophy. It is not mine."
>
> It is not mine either. No racial theory, whether it be the infamous Hitler's or the saintly Huddleston's, is worth the sacrifice of a single human life.

Make the most of that passage: it's the only one I've been able to find in any British newspaper which could be interpreted as remotely in favor of the segregationists or opposed to President Eisenhower's action. It appeared in a satirical column called "The Way of the World" which claims to act as a court jester, deriding those attitudes which are taken most seriously in the paper's editorial columns. With the exception of a single leader-writer whose stuff wasn't printed anyway, the *Telegraph*, like every other paper, has been wholly behind the President.

Near unanimity has not prevented the subject being much discussed. Communists and fellow-travelers everywhere have been exploiting it to the full. Humanitarian liberals have boiled with indignation. Suez groupers, colonialists and all sorts of right-wing Conservatives have welcomed the chance to accuse America of being less liberal and more hypocritical than they are. Ordinary non-political folk are glad to find what they regard as a clear moral issue, quite unconnected with their own troubles, to wax indignant over.

There is plenty of talk and absolutely no understanding. The rights and wrongs of the dispute are made to depend wholly on one's view of "the color bar"; the little matter of states rights and federal power is hardly ever mentioned. Nobody bothers to suggest that, though Faubus may be a fool or a villain, there could be other Southerners, equally opposed to integration, who are neither. The constitutionality of the Supreme Court's original decision is never considered at all.

Private conversation naturally shows a slightly wider range of opinion than newspaper editorials. I know one girl who was brought up in Alabama and is speechless with rage at the British attitude. Another, whose family lives in South Africa, admits that the problem is very difficult. A few spoilsports venture to suggest that nobody can understand a color problem who hasn't experienced one. But the average man just can't see the difficulty. Being so thoroughly indoctrinated with liberal philosophy, he refuses to believe that the majority of white Southerners don't want integration; it's only a few hot-heads holding up the smooth wheels of progress.

Some people, of course, do support President Eisenhower on much more rational grounds. Their argument turns simply on the importance of maintaining the rule of law. The rights and wrongs of integration, they say, have nothing to do with them nor are they qualified to debate the merits of the Supreme Court's decision; but they do know that the law must be upheld even by those who dislike it—the alternative is anarchy.

It is at this point, when I met intelligent people whose political philosophy is not basically antagonistic, that I begin to notice some curious paradoxes. When they hear of sturdy individualists opposing what they consider tyrannical laws at home, they applaud. Any resistance by the crofters of South Uist, whose ancient way of life was destroyed last year by compulsory government purchase, would have been heartily cheered. But, oddly enough, this sympathy doesn't extend to Little Rock. When they hear of minorities being regimented by majority laws, of small rural communities being ordered about by remote central authorities, they normally cry out with indignation. They would prefer to see Cyprus partitioned rather than that the Turkish minority should be permanently subjected to a Greek majority. But, oddly enough, this sympathy doesn't apply if the minority happens to believe in segregation.

There is a more thoughtful version of this attitude. One of the shrewdest commentators I know holds that Lincoln had no case over secession but was right in going to any lengths to hold the Union together: and the same applies to President Eisenhower. It's the segregationist case, he says, which is inconsistent. If minority rights are so important, what is to distinguish the rights of the Negro minority from the rights of the minority of Southern states except the criterion of general social desirability? This argument could just as well be reversed, of course. If the wishes of the majority must prevail, why are the majority of the inhabitants of Arkansas not entitled to have their wishes respected?

This same commentator makes one very strong point. He says that the crisis in Little Rock ought not to make food for Communist propaganda: it ought to make propaganda for the West. When the whole world hears about Russian troops trying to enforce integration in the Eastern States of the Soviet Union and vigorous opposition toward them is shown with impunity, why that'll be the day.

It would ill become me to tell American readers how complicated and far-reaching are the issues involved at Little Rock. What I must explain is that these issues are totally unrealized by most people in Britain; and at least one reason is that they are never pointed out. The few well-known Americans who have spoken over here in the past month mostly adopted a simple pro-Eisenhower line. I've yet to hear an adequate spokesman for the South.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Constitutional Crisis

Looking back upon the first days of the school year in Little Rock, the significance of certain events grows sharper. Many times before September 25, 1957, officers of the United States Army have addressed an assembly of school children. What made that date so different is that it was the first time that an officer of the United States Army, acting under the orders of the President of the United States, addressed such an assembly in a building surrounded by the unsheathed bayonets of his command. Speaking with the sanction of the naked authority of steel, an army officer instructed American students on what they had better accept as the meaning of the Constitution—or else.

In the train of events following upon President Eisenhower's ruthless enforcement of the Supreme Court decision on integration, nothing has symbolized with such terrifying clarity the depth of the crisis into which the nation is plunged—and the nature of that crisis: the essential concept of the Constitution is no longer merely being whittled away, as it has been over the past few decades; it is now directly under attack.

The genius of the American Constitution rests in the institutionalization of the limitation of power, in the division of power so that it is held by a number of separate and distinct organs. But that limitation, that division of power, would be a farce and a mockery if it had been intended that the authority to interpret the Constitution itself should rest in the hands of any specific organ of power recognized under its terms. In whatever hands such authority rested, all power would eventually accrete.

A system of divided powers in which interpretation of the system is not unequivocally the right of *each holder of power* becomes a system in which whoever is vested with the right of interpretation will rapidly become the sole effective power. Therefore, under the Constitution, interpretation of its meaning is the monopoly of no single authority—not the Supreme Court, not the President, not the Congress, not the governor of any state, not the legislature of any state—but rests severally in each of them (and, at the margin, in each individual citizen of the United States).

The Supreme Court exists as a tribunal to make decisions when differences of judgment on the meaning of the Constitution are not extreme and can be more or less simply adjudicated. When profound differences exist, the Constitution clearly envisages a suspension of decision, since no member of the complexly articulated series of constitutional sovereignties can legitimately be forced by another member to accept its version of the Constitution.

This is the settled tradition of the Constitution. But Major General Walker, backed by his bayonets, told the students of the Little Rock high school: "This decision of the highest court in the land is, *of course,* an [*i.e.,* the] authoritative interpretation of our Constitution, is binding on all citizens and government officers, both state and federal . . . we . . . have an obligation in conscience to obey them." With this *Diktat* the laws of the State of Arkansas and the prerogatives of the Congress go crashing to the ground, together with all constitutional limitations upon centralized and concentrated governmental power.

This is the meaning of the course entered upon by the President and his entourage. The Little Rock invasion will be only a beginning unless the constitutional balance is redressed by the responsible organs of the Constitution that still have the power to do so. The remedy lies in the hands of the Congress and of the governments of the several states.

The Congress can, and immediately should, set forth by legislation its authoritative interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment in the areas now moot. Reaffirming Article IV, Section 4, of the Constitution, it can limit explicitly the power of the Executive to use force without invitation from the state concerned, except in case of danger to its "Republican Form of Government," or in case of foreign invasion. Further arrogation by the Executive or the Judiciary can be met by appropriate legislation forcing them back within constitutional limitations.

The governors and legislatures of the several states under attack also have their recourse: interposition and/or nullification. But to make such vindication of the sovereignty of the states real, it is essential that their militia become what it was in the beginning—forces under the command of the states themselves, not subject to "federalization" on Presidential whim. Discharge of the National Guard, and the organization of a State Guard, solely under the control of the states themselves, would seem to be a prime requisite for the assertion of sovereignty.

The determination of even a single state thus to defend its sovereignty could call a halt to the progressive deterioration of constitutional processes. If such a resistance were associated, in the spirit of John Calhoun, with a call by the governor of the resisting state for a convocation of all the states, to consider the joint assertion of their constitutional integrity, not only might the present crisis be resolved, but much that has been lost in recent years recovered. Meeting the federal government as an equal, the states would be able to prevent the forcing of complex moral and social issues peremptorily to the point of catastrophe. Time and common sense, working within re-established constitutional forms, might solve problems that now seem insoluble.

If the measures here proposed seem extreme, it is only because the danger is extreme. They are very like the measures taken and projected by Thomas Jefferson in the formulation of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions at another critical point in the life of the Republic. And no one can say that John Adams and Alexander Hamilton were a worse danger to the Republic than the omnipresent bureaucracy that rules in the name of Dwight D. Eisenhower.

ARTS and MANNERS

GARRY WILLS

"The Egghead" — and His Wife

In *The Egghead,* written by Molly (wife of Elia) Kazan, at last it has been said on the stage: the egghead is a fathead. Said poorly and inconclusively, but said. The egghead—here a small-college professor played by Karl Malden—mouths all the clichés about witch-hunting, freedom to dissent, and the protection of minority groups. But he is a tedious man growing older and balder, revealing the egg in all its Stevensonian fragileness. He terrorizes his unintellectual wife, cannot stand disagreement, insults the FBI man and the ex-Communist patriot who come into his orbit, and feels the younger generation is "fear-ridden" because they know he is ranting in his sleep.

The play turns on, and is illuminated by, "feminine intuition": the *stage* egghead's wife (Phyllis Love) comes to realize that the professor is being used by his prize graduate, the brilliant Negro writer who is now a Communist. And its meaning is underlined by the contrast between the professor and his son, a topical type like all the other characters, but bearing witness to a less-known fact than the others: the new generation is conservative, attacking with the rebellious courage of youth the whole monolithic Establishment. His own son is making the Liberal aware that, while he tries to continue the romantic role of free-wheeling outsider and dissenter, he has actually been in control, impatient of anything interrupting the chorus of Liberal comment called free speech.

There have not been many who have stood up to him, but when McCarthy made the most powerful assault so far, the Liberal grew frenzied. That frenzy returns in this play—and will return in life—when the slow attrition of time accomplishes what McCarthy's quick violence threatened, showing how empty are the egghead's vaunts.

It takes more than topical interest to give a drama substance; it takes things like human agents, individual and real, which are not present here. Yet tension enters the audience during the third act; suddenly it matters —desperately—that the Communist be caught, the Liberal disillusioned. It is neither inspired writing nor the acting which accomplishes this. The lines merely present current events in the obvious political terms, spoken by thinly-disguised types. The acting, since it avoids Stanislavsky agonies, has in Malden at least the virtues of simplicity; but this is pushed into self-conscious naiveté by Miss Love, who tries to outdo June Allyson in bouncy and boyish cuteness. No, the tension is not effected by playwright or players. History, not dramaturgy, grips us here: and for a moment we know that it is a grasp of iron.

Why should this be so? How does a play which presents only the simple and obvious facts that surround us manage, nonetheless, to shock us?

Liberal propaganda has given us the picture of current events in a mirror—an exact report of fact, but in reverse. This play holds another mirror up to that reflection, accomplishing what is called in football a double reverse and in Aristotle, *peripeteia*—the reversal of distortion back to the proportions of the real. The haloed Liberal of myth is undistorted into a bigot, a swallower of slogans. The militant ex-Communist, the FBI agent, the young man unimpressed by Liberal bombast, who have all been caricatured as people with obsessed and narrow minds, are recognized as those with the fresh innocence or the vast experience to see the obvious—to sense crisis and perceive its cause.

All the students know what the professor can hardly grasp when faced with overwhelming evidence. It is not the "fat capitalist" of the professor's dream-world who "informs" on the Communist; it is a fellow-laborer in the union, another Negro who can see (when the egghead cannot) the cynical use made of the race question by Reds. There is even a hint of that forgotten virtue, patriotism, when the tragically great man who escaped Communism in Europe talks of the haven he has found in America, a hunted man come home.

Given this play's grasp of fact, it is perhaps too much to ask for the courageous consistency that would let the curtain fall on an egghead completely unredeemed; but that is what the play demands. We have been made to fear the Liberal as a type suddenly thrust upon us and instantly recognized as real; so much is testimony to our peril and to the accuracy of Mrs. Kazan's reporting of it. When she would arouse the pity as well as the fear of Aristotle's formula, she is presuming that her hero has been created flesh; in overestimating her play she nearly destroys it.

The professor, abjectly afraid to reveal the Communist because it would mean revealing himself as the Communist's dupe, retreats into the Liberal's last contention—that loyalty to friends comes before loyalty to truth. Then, afraid to face his students, he resigns. But after he decides to give secret information on his friend, the loving wife urges him back to his job. "If you do not shout, who will?" He mounts again his soap-box, insults the FBI, says he was not liberal *enough* (thus dissolving in equivocation the play's key term), and finally wrings a cheer even from his son. Mrs. Kazan was right to have him resign; she was wrong timidly to bring him back, as—no doubt—her feminine intuition tells her. At least that of another woman did. As she swept by me on her way out of the theater, she was earnestly lecturing her husband: "But the professor didn't reason far enough." Suddenly I realized the play was not over; nor is it yet.

Apologia pro Vita Sua

Little I said was very astute;
Little I wrote was deep or profound.
The gods gave me only a tiny flute—
But some folks liked the sound.

MORRIE RYSKIND

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Gone Tomorrow

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Forgive me, but I think *By Love Possessed* is not a good book but a bad one, not well written but poorly written, not a human document but an inhuman one. This is not to say that James Gould Cozzens cannot write good books—it is clear that he can, and that he is a master plotmaker; it is not to say he cannot write—he can, obviously, and he can write brilliantly; and as to whether he is human, I should say *By Love Possessed* (Harcourt Brace, $5.00), leaves the question moot. I, for one, would want to look elsewhere for evidence of a more conclusive nature; perhaps, even, one must go for an answer to that fastness in the plains of New Jersey where he is said to live, in isolation with his wife.

By Love Possessed means to be a great many things. It means to be Tolstoyan and a masterpiece, and as both was it acclaimed by Brendan Gill of the *New Yorker,* who has led, though not by many lengths, the parade of its panegyrists. Certainly it means to be a great work of realism. Its characters, indeed, mean to be contemporary society. "They *are* society," John Fischer of *Harper's* jubilates, and that is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

Whose society? Not mine, Fischer: and stop oath-taking long enough to remember that. As a matter of experience I know that life is a vale of tears, and as a matter of faith, I believe it was intended to be. But we do not live in the world of Arthur Winner, Jr., and the least we can do by way of thanksgiving is to refuse to stand idly by while James Gould Cozzens or anybody else so represents our world, and God's.

The world of Arthur Winner, Jr. is Brocton, USA. Brocton is a town (Anytown) of fifteen thousand souls whom he serves professionally as second senior partner in the leading firm of lawyers, spiritually as chief vestryman in the local Episcopal Church, and socially as more or less elder-at-large, at the disposal of anyone in Brocton who needs advice, or gets into trouble.

Arthur's wife is his second wife. His first died in childbirth seven years ago. Eight years ago his oldest son, Warren, was killed in the air force in Florida. Warren had always been a bad boy. He was fired out of Lawrenceville for hitting a master. (He not only hit him, he broke his jaw.) In brazen defiance of highly explicit orders, he left formation one bright afternoon and for the hell of it, nosedived his fighter plane down upon a large fat bomber in which (he knew) some of the nation's top designers and technicians were engaged in testing vital new aeronautical contrivances. Someone miscalculated, and the two airplanes crashed in midair and exploded. Everyone was killed, the war effort was set back incalculably, and Warren Winner was posthumously disgraced.

Arthur Winner's junior partner and best friend, Julius, was hit by polio ten years ago, and lives a life of physical agony, intellectual frustration, and marital chaos. Marjorie is a nymphomaniac and alcoholic who, before marrying Julius, was wed to a man who, when the mood was upon him, would invite strangers in to use her. (He is now in an insane asylum.) Marjorie is clearly unbalanced, as witness especially the fact that she is about to join the Catholic Church, whither she is being seduced by a rich spinster of Lesbian tendency. Marjorie is weighed down by many guilts, not the least of which she shares in common with Arthur, with whom she had an affair which began on the morning Arthur's wife died in childbirth and continued during a period when she contrived to get her crippled husband to leave town.

Saturday morning Arthur sat in while a young woman who had killed her illegitimate child at birth was being tried. Medical evidence was given by the Winners' family doctor, a drunkard who, at social gatherings, likes to tease the girls by talking about contraceptives he has prescribed for them. Earlier that morning he had participated in the probating of the will of a client, Mike McCarthy, who in his declining years married a most demanding whore who left him six months later because, in his senescence, he could not adequately service her. But the *main* reason Arthur went downtown Saturday was to confer with eighteen-year-old Ralph, son of old, old friends, who is charged with—rape. Ralph's parents were drowned at Arthur's lake when Ralph was a boy, but Helen, his stoical sister and secretary to Arthur's firm, brought him up. Arthur soon discovers that Veronica, whom Ralph allegedly assaulted, is an old hand at that sort of thing, and had, presumptively, participated gladly in Ralph's revelry of the night before; so that by Saturday afternoon, he has persuaded the prosecutor to drop charges. But Ralph meanwhile has jumped bail because the father of Joanie, the girl he is going steady with, has found out that she is pregnant, and, until Arthur subdues him, has been wandering about the town with a gun looking for his daughter's despoiler. And then poor Helen, not yet knowing that her brother is in the clear as far as the rape charges are concerned, is so distressed to learn Ralph has skipped

bail (having first helped himself to a hundred dollars that belong to a boarder at Helen's; a drunkard, by the way) that, Saturday night, she swallows a bottle of lysol, or as much of the bottle as she can get down, and brings her painful life to a painful end.

On learning the news Sunday morning, Arthur goes to his office to look for Helen's will and to be alone. Going through the files he stumbles across evidence that the firm's senior partner, his father-in-law by his first marriage, the very venerable and highly renowned Noah Tuttle, has embezzled a couple of hundred thousand dollars. He looks up and there is Julius, who has dragged himself in on his crutches. Julius argues that there is no other practicable course than to keep the thing quiet and give Noah time to make the deficit up, which he is clearly trying to do. Arthur finally agrees, though this means a very jittery future for him: for he is co-responsible with his partner, Noah, for the money actually embezzled; and, now he knows what's up, criminally responsible, as an accomplice after the fact, as well. Arthur goes home (disconsolate); and the book ends.

Thus the grotesque pastiche of tragedy, violence and sex that is passed off as Realism. It is not that, not even, I hazard the guess, in James Gould Cozzens' own eyes. For I warrant that Cozzens, if his vaunted integrity as an artist is based on firmer foundations than the reputation of this novel, sees, and is disgusted by, the concessions to prurience and slickness that stain the pages of this pretentious novel. Whether he does or not, we are left asking the question, Why, why, is this book, written about such a world as that of Arthur Winner, judged to be great literature?

Is it the literary merit of the book that has got the critics so excited? Cozzens is a writer of enormous power and imagination: but oh Lord, how badly he needs an editor! We are told that he refuses to negotiate the revision of a single comma. Pity, for the result, in his case, is some of the most constipated prose in contemporary literature. "Yet the scene remained among the broken-up but sharp memories of that ugly day (no dream); and attached, bound to the scene remained, too, harrowings of knowledge hardly to be acknowledged. The succussive [*sic*], earthquake-like throwing-over of a counted-on years-old stable state of things had opened fissures." Such passages as these abound, and mar a style which at its best is genuine gothic, the very real thing.

Then Cozzens is absolutely gone on arcane words. One must not object to rich and sensitive vocabulary, but reading Cozzens one has the impression of being in the hands of a systematic rare word exhumer. Without protecting myself by consulting the O.E.D., I venture that the masters of our literature lived their lives through without moenads, proems, librations, fetors or corapaces—whether oestrual, virescent, theroid, furibund or vulnerary: no, not even while seising or vilipending. And the celebrated mastery of the field about which he writes, in this case the law, is (I assume it is genuine) so thorough that, when Cozzens talks law he ends up talking about it in terms no layman and, I suggest, not every lawyer, can understand ("We're going to opine that Mr. Tuttle's amended argument is still without merit; and order that the payer of within petition be granted and the rule issued thereon be made absolute")—thus reducing a craftsman's integrity to arrant exhibitionism.

But beyond the failure of James Gould Cozzens' world to resemble the world we live in, and the failure of his writing to meet standards of sustained excellence, what is it we are face to face with in *By Love Possessed*? The book is weighed down with weighty observations on all manner of things, banal observations most of them, though massively framed. Arthur is getting older, and lets us know how it feels to grow older. His daughter advances upon puberty, and we know something of what this does to a young girl, and to her relationship with her parents. Everyone adjusts in his own way to the tensions between the abstract world of right and wrong and the world that flesh is heir to; and so does Arthur, who elects *not* to confess his betrayal to the man he cuckolded, or to inform the state authorities of his partner's crime, though this is to commit one himself. *By Love Possessed* does not treat of extraordinary themes (in this sense it *is* earthbound); and it does not treat them in extraordinary ways. Moreover, with a single exception, one is not left with the impression that the author is himself committed to any of the novel's many, highly elaborated and highly explicated views on man and his world. (That is why the doubt creeps in whether the author of *By Love Possessed* himself lives and breathes, or ever has.)

The exception is orthodox Christianity, and, more particularly, the Catholic Church. Here Cozzens appears to be going into action for himself, and he rips in with a personal fervor that he strikingly fails to infuse into the discussion of other things. There are several pages devoted to an attack, in the manner of the Protocols of Zion, on the Catholic Church; a long sequence in which a Catholic woman (who will surely rank as the First Fool of modern literature) is met on the field of battle and (duly) bested; and diverse ruminations on the essential preposterousness of all formal Christian belief. The attacks on Christian dogma are, given Cozzens' talents, of a mystifying grossness (the "similarities in image and argument" on the part of those who have testified to miraculous events suggest that they were all "typically deranged"); and his hit-and-run assaults on individuals, craven and despicable ("[recent converts to Catholicism] must long have been ill balanced . . . not a few of the male converts, for instance, have to me the look of former homosexuals; not a few of the females, the look of former alcoholics.") Finally, the book is humorless, though there are comical situations in it. The defeats of Polly Pratt are amusing only in the sense that the misadventures of Candide and Justine are, *i.e.*, not very: they are tendentious, and farcical.

What then?

What is it about *By Love Possessed* that is catnip for the critics? Sex, iconoclasm, logorrhea, high-class verbosity?—(*Que diable veux-tu encore?*) Have the intellectuals found their Mickey Spillane? Who knows. They can cuddle up with *By Love Possessed* all they want to, but they cannot make it great literature. James Gould Cozzens tried, and he couldn't.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

GOING INTO POLITICS: A GUIDE FOR CITIZENS, by Robert E. Merriam and Rachel M. Goetz (Harper, $2.50). One by-product of our scientistic age is a rash of do-it-yourself books on politics—primers in which the basic organization of the two major parties (by precincts, wards, etc.), and their susceptibility to various malign influences, is explained with that odd blend of clinical detachment and overripe sentiment so familiar in books on where babies come from. In this latest example of the genre, an unsuccessful reform candidate for Mayor of Chicago and a researcher on Adlai Stevenson's campaign staff explain (with more enthusiasm than their respective experiences would seem to warrant) how each of us can, and why all of us should, become at least precinct workers for the party of our choice. Lively enough, and not without a certain value for the wholly uninformed; but the central premise —that precinct politics has something to do with government—is considerably further off the mark than Ptolemy's cosmogony. Doorbell-punching for Tweedledum may be a handy way of keeping Aunt Jane busy on summer evenings, and may even win a minor plum for Uncle Harry, but those who would play a role in their country's affairs, however small, must either join or lick the Liberal Establishment—and they won't find that immense reality hanging around a party clubhouse. W.A.R.

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LOGARHYTHMS, by James L. Weil, with an introduction by Richard M. Weaver (Poetry Library, $2.50). This small book by a young man who obviously belongs to none of the current cliques made me wonder if our poets of 1980 will not—like Poe and Emily Dickinson and Melville—continue to develop under bushels and without benefit of fashionable endorsements. At 28, Mr. Weil is still prone to the sort of ponderous pun contained in his title, in which a youthfully earnest cleverness leads the rest of him by the nose; and of course, his own originality is yet to come. But, *rara avis*, he has begun to *think for himself*, a faculty very useful in a time when most of one's energy goes to discarding, eschewing, rejecting, discovering what one is *not*. As Mr. Weil goes about this, in his next decade, I hope he encounters the work of Allen Tate. There is no poet in America today (or in England, either) whose theory, praxis, and personal example provide a better master for a tyro, especially when, as in Mr. Weil's case, he looks promising enough to deserve the very best. R. P.

RUSSIA AGAINST THE KREMLIN, by Alexander Metaxas (World, $3.00). Allegedly reporting trends in the Soviet Union from the "inside," M. Metaxas has confected a strange mixture of insight and fallacy—the product of a disorganized mind apparently writing in haste. His chief virtue is to stress the fact that the West is playing the Communist game when it confuses—*à la* George Kennan—the Red slavemasters with their Russian slaves; yet he repeatedly makes this very mistake himself, as when he attributes Kremlin policies and attitudes to "the Russians." Similarly, Metaxas presents devastating evidence that the Communist system is a total failure—economically, politically, morally; but he is at great pains to free it of responsibility in the most offensive of all its failings—the brutal reign of police terror. This, Metaxas insists, resulted from "the conceit and pigheadedness of that one man"—Stalin. A clue to these oscillations: Metaxas is most convincing when he writes from his own experience; most ridiculous when he tries to fit his personal insights into the scheme of accepted generalizations about the Soviet Union. C. L.

In Early Issues

Raymond Moley will review Rexford G. Tugwell's *The Democratic Roosevelt: A Biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt.* Hugh Kenner will review T. S. Eliot's *On Poetry and Poets.*

THE KING RANCH, by Tom Lea (Little Brown, 2 vols. boxed, $17.50). Captain Richard King violated all the rules: not of morality, but of modern sociology and social psychiatry. Born in utter poverty, he was also rejected by his parents—and what rejection! Sold into apprenticeship at the age of nine, King ran away from his master at eleven, and stowed away on a steamboat. By all the current rules, King should have ended as a juvenile delinquent and perhaps a dope addict. Instead, living in an older and gloriously freer area, Richard King went West, and by intelligence and honest toil, carved the world's largest ranch out of a Texas wilderness. The old West still fascinates Americans who cherish individual heroism, and Tom Lea's stirring and handsomely mounted story of the King Ranch recaptures the tang of the days when America was free, and every man could make himself a King. M.R.

YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE, by Ogden Nash (Little Brown, $3.75). More of the smiling little versicles which year after year keep telling the rest of the world that Suburbia is saved from its silliest modes and declensions because deep down in its heart it has a witty little reflex called Ogden Nash saying, "Yes, aren't we awful, but on the other hand at least we know it, so we aren't as damned as you hope we are." R. B.

To the Editor

A Language Problem

The September 21 issue carried a note concerning the transmission of Djilas' *The New Class* to the Soviet Union. It is stated that the broadcast is not only carried on in Russian, but also in "seventeen other Soviet languages."

May I correct this statement by saying that there is not even one Soviet language, not to mention seventeen. It seems to me that similar superficial statements contribute to the creation of a stereotype of a single monolithic Soviet empire, which on the other hand is culturally diversified by having many languages, all of them Soviet. Many of the languages . . . have no relationship to Russian, are even not Slavic. It is time that we cease to emphasize Soviet unity and start writing and talking in terms of the diversity within the Soviet slave empire.

Parkville, Mo. DR. JERZY HAUPTMANN

In Praise of Dr. Weaver

Your number of October 12 is the best you have published. The article, "On Setting the Clock Right," by Richard Weaver is unusually well written.

Baltimore, Md. WALTER H. BUCK

The Better Part of Valor

Wasn't the timing poor for your "Pandit Nehru's Deep South" [editorial, October 5]? You could have offended the delegation that was here to discuss a loan. This could lead to refusal of the loan, and ultimately to such complicated things as a budget surplus and tax cuts.

CLEMENT C. MASON, JR.
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Mr. Kendall and the NEA

I have read with interest Willmoore Kendall's review, "Why Johnny Can't Do Nothing" [September 7]. Unfortunately, it is all too true. The efforts of Mr. Kendall and of NATIONAL REVIEW to bring this problem its rightful share of public attention are to be highly commended.

You perhaps know that the problems in modern education have been of particular interest to Senator Flanders for some time.

Washington, D.C. JOHN B. WILLEY
Assistant to Senator Flanders

Satire and Irony

That piece, "Why Johnny Shouldn't Read," in your September 21 issue was a corker.

. . . satire and irony will penetrate the armor of the Liberals better than anything else because they leave themselves so wide open for such sallies.

Naples, N. Y. ROSCOE PEACOCK

From the White-Collar Corner

Only in USA, 1957, has a truck-driver ever had it so good: a wife and two children, a new home in the country, and all of the wondrous appliances so appealingly displayed by Betty Furness ["Why 'Big Joe' Can't Save," October 12]. Perhaps if the Kohlshats didn't spend so much time looking at commercials on their pay-as-it-goes television set, they would not feel that their birthright as American citizens entitles them to every wonder that Westinghouse dreams up.

I have been a white-collar worker for twenty-three continuous years. I do not own one single thing which I have purchased out of my wages—with the exception of some worn clothing. Nor do I have a single cent in the bank—not even enough to pay the tax-collector.

And so, if "Big Joe" has a bachelor friend, in circumstances similar to his own, will he please introduce me?

New York City DOROTHY HARRAL

The Posse Comitatus Act

"Whoever, except in cases and circumstances expressly authorized by the Constitution or act of Congress, wilfully uses any part of the Army or the Air Force as a posse comitatus or otherwise to execute the laws shall be fined not more than $10,000 or imprisoned not more than two years, or both. This section does not apply to Alaska."

Thus speaks the Posse Comitatus Act, originally enacted in 1878 and recodified by Congress on August 19, 1956. . . . Of course, there is no act of Congress or provision of the Constitution by which the use of federal troops to enforce court orders is "expressly authorized." At a press conference on September 11, 1956, President Eisenhower in referring to this Act said: "that is the thing that keeps the Federal Government from just going around where he [*sic*] pleases to carry out police duties." . . .

Chevy Chase, Md. MORTIMER C. LYDDANE

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